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——————————*udam*
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ. Hor.

Monday, July 20. 1713.

THE Philoſophers of King *Charles* his Reign were buſie in finding out the Art of Flying. The famous Biſhop *Wilkins* was ſo confident of Succeſs in it, that he ſays he does not queſtion but in the next Age it will be as uſual to hear a Man call for his Wings when he is going a Journey, as it is now to call for his Boots. This Humour ſo prevailed among the Vertuoſo's of that Reign, that they were actually making Parties to go up to the Moon together, and were more put to it to their Thoughts how to meet with Accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the Story of the great Lady, who at the ſame time was building Caſtles in the Air for their Reception. I always leave ſuch trite Quotations to my Reader's private recollection. For which reaſon alſo I ſhall forbear extracting out of Authors ſeveral Inſtances of particular Perſons who have arrived at ſome Perfection in this Art, and exhibited Specimens of it before multitudes of Beholders. Inſtead of this I ſhall preſent my Reader with the following Letter from an Artiſt, who is now taken up with this Invention, and conceals his true Name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'KNowing that you are a great Encourager of 'Ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, 'that I have made a conſiderable Progreſs in the 'Art of Flying. I flutter about my Room two or 'three Hours in a Morning, and when my Wings 'are on, can go above a hundred Yards at a Hop, 'Step and Jump. I can fly already as well as a 'Turkey Cock, and improve every Day. If I pro-'ceed as I have begun, I intend to give the World a 'Proof of my Proficiency in this Art. Upon the next 'Publick Thankſgiving-day it is my deſign to ſit aſtride 'the Dragon upon *Bow* Steeple, from whence after 'the firſt Diſcharge of the *Tower* Guns I intend to 'mount into the Air, fly over *Fleetſtreet*, and pitch 'upon the *May-pole* in the *Strand*. From thence, 'by a gradual deſcent, I ſhall make the beſt of my 'way for St. *James*'s Park, and light upon the 'Ground near *Roſamond*'s Pond. This I doubt not 'will convince the World, that I am no Preten-'der; but before I ſet out, I ſhall deſire to have a 'Patent for making of Wings, and that none ſhall 'preſume to fly, under Pain of Death, with Wings 'of any other Man's making. I intend to work 'for the Court my ſelf, and will have Journey-'men under me to furniſh the reſt of the Nation. 'I likewiſe deſire, that I may have the ſole Teach-'ing of Perſons of Quality, in which I ſhall 'ſpare neither Time nor Pains till I have made 'them as expert as my ſelf. I will fly with the 'Women upon my Back for the firſt Fortnight. 'I ſhall appear at the next Maſquerade dreſſed up 'in my Feathers and Plumage like an *Indian* Prince, that

(Price Two Pence.)